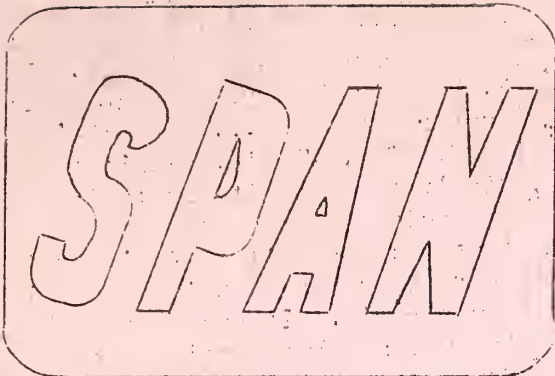


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SPORTS PATTTER AND NEWS

Volume 10, No. 8, April 26, 1945

BIRTHDAYS - April 29 thru May 5

Marion F. Lipphardt, Ralph Wallace Smith, John K. Taylor\*, June R. Leister, Josephine DiMercurio, Robey H. Franklin, Maurice Waters Kay, Lewis W. Russell\*, Ann J. Hesseldenz, Laura Keevil, Vincent D. Nicholson, James H. O'Brien, Arthur H. Schartner\*, E. Corinne Sutton, Mary C. Goodwin, Charlotte Cunningham, Harry E. McCollum\*, C. Whitney Tillinghast, Robert S. Weber\*, Helen D. Taylor, James J. Higdon, Rose L. Newman, Mary V. Runyan, Sydney Berger\*.

\*Military Furlough

10 YEARS OR MORE GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Vincent D. Nicholson - 10 yrs, 7 mos.  
(REA - 9 yrs, 11 mos.)

James H. O'Brien - 11 yrs, 7 mos.  
(REA - 7 yrs, 6 mos.)

MODERN VERSION OF "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"

Meet me in St. Louis, Louis

Meet me in the rain.

Don't tell me the sun is shining,

Or ever will again.

We will wear raincoats and bootsies.

You will be my tootsie, wootsie.

If you will meet me in St. Louis, Louis

Meet me in the rain.

A. Klinkhardt

ODE TO CONFUSION

My mind is a jumble of twisted facts,  
A marvel of muddled misinformation--  
And thus, I'm alone in my own quaint  
world.

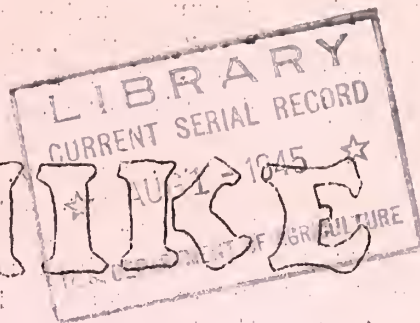
Cut off from intelligent conversation.

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SELF-MASTERY--He determined to pass  
by his favorite tavern on his way  
home. As he approached it, he became

BOWLING STANDINGS AS OF APRIL 25, 1945

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Raters	59	28	.678	737	899	2577
Solicitors	58	29	.666	759	890	2536
Radars	58	29	.666	689	870	2472
Five Deuces	44	43	.505	663	856	2280
Kilo-ettes	44	43	.505	643	812	2333
Five Aces	42	45	.482	692	884	2233
Ruralettes	41	46	.471	646	822	2339
Sweater Girls	41	46	.471	635	807	2393
Administrators	39	48	.448	712	810	2368
Managettes	38	49	.436	623	823	2320
Operators	35	52	.402	683	846	2344
Terry's Pirates	24	63	.275	610	770	2210



HIKE

LEVIS ESTATE HIKE ENJOYED BY ALL

It was a perfect hiking day last Sunday and 35 REA hikers merrily rode to Alton on the Illinois Terminal's glorified street car and then walked from the Alton station to the Levi Estate. After a healthy drink of water, the gang ran to the fire with their weiners, sausages, hamburgers and steaks (?) waving, waving in the soft breezes.

After burning the hot dogs sufficiently, mustard was used to bring out the taste. REA hikers are hungry people and the delicacies that disappeared would amaze anyone. After dinner some basked in the warm sun and let the day lazily slip like the white clouds in the blue sky above. Others crowded around the piano in the tiny castle on the edge of the bluff and made music or a reasonable facsimile thereof. It sounded excellent--from a distance.

After awhile we wandered around the beautiful estate, the old hikers showing the new ones the points of interest. Some went back to their grassy beds in the sun while the baseball players gathered together and started a sizzling game. We suddenly looked at our watches and whizzed the miles back to the Alton station just in time to catch the 6 O'clock train which left at 6:30.

Sunday, May 6, Ruth Thompson will lead our hike to Cliff Hills. Everyone is to meet at the Cherokee Loop at 2:20. We will catch the county bus at 2:45 p.m. You can take the Kings-highway bus, south to the end of the line then the Cherokee bus west. Call Jeanne Meyerson, Ext. 316, for further information.

DON'T FORGET TO BUY YOUR TICKET TO THE

ANNUAL REA BIRTHDAY PARTY, MAY 18.

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somewhat shaky, but, after plucking up courage he passed on. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to himself: "Well done, Pat, me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."



# DIDJAKNOWTHAT

Two egregious errors which have appeared in this column must be corrected...and pronto. Spring, beautiful Spring, has not arrived and it is not known whether she's detoured, been misplaced or is waiting for a joint announcement to be made by the Big Three...anywhooo, she ain't been seen as yet and all those guys sans their chapeaux & those gals with their gams en natural are going to catch their deaths from darnfoolishness. ED Speh was so doggone mad he almost stung one of the A. P. Diviz bees when he read the production figures published herein last week. He wants it distinctly understood that the bit of feminine loveliness, Helen Margaret, which the stork left on their doorstep weighed 5 LBS, 7 OZS and not the measly five pounds so reported. And are Mr. and Mrs. Petsche, of the A. P. Diviz Petsches, proud of son, Lt. Charles W., but Oh so modest. It took much conjoling to obtain this news but let it be told in his own words. From a Replacement Center somewhere behind the lines Lt. Chas. writes..."You asked about decorations...I haven't much...a Purple Heart and an Oak Leaf Cluster and three major campaign stars for the ETO Ribbon I may be entitled to the Presidential Citation.. also the Battalion is to get one for taking Fort Koenigsmacher. I was put in for the Silver Star .. a long time ago. The incident..happened on the Mosselle..we held the West bank and Jerry the East. We had to send a patrol across..they got in a fight...their boat hung on a telephone wire. I took a rubber boat out and brought them in...was pretty rough as we had to jump in whenever a flare went up and hope our heads were missed...I was in shape to go back early in Feb. ..didn't have anything to say about the Rehab... so have to pack, so long" ..Just one of the million "I haven't got much" - that good old English understatement but taken all in all they've made up a right smart bunch of heroes with whom to reckon. Then there's that story going the rounds about the congested area on the 11th floor..-'Tis said that all future job descriptions are to include previous practice or experience in high and broad jumping, particularly for those doing rear guard duty on the far desks so if they should just happen to arrive a bit tardy they can gain the objective without endangering the noble domes of those holding the front line trenches. Bigger and better plans are being made for our annual party. Ann Gottman says she would like to go for the speeches (that becomes what is known as famous quotations) but isn't quite sure about the rest of the party. neither is anyone else for it usually creeps up on one unexpected like. But speeches there will be unless someone can think up a plan and a strategic launching point for a buzz-bomb at the crucial moment. Helen Taylor, a newcomer, says she isn't sure about the speeches but thinks she might enjoy the other...oh, brother wait until she hears the musical arrangements that are suggested. James Salisbury, Jr., will render his favor-ite melody "Don't Fence Me In," while that economical Economist of Economists, Uncle B. Lawson, will give with his theme ditty, "You Don't Get Bread With One Meat Bawl." And by the way, when you are going through your wardrobes to see what you can spare for those over there, do try to find a couple of Fedoras for Col. Frazer and Uncle B.

Col. Frazer is very proud of his chapeau claiming that it was once worn Napoleon or one of the great pretenders though too much "credence" should not be attached to that one even though it has caused many a battle. Uncle B. had his jaunty, turned-up little number sat on by...guess who? Himself. Son, Jimmie, didn't take too kindly to being its custodian during an exciting cinema so just nonchalantly dropped it on Pop's chair and there it reposed during some six or seven reels. It has lost much of its insouciance but that's what comes from being sat on by Uncle B. Don't allow the odd size of the chapeau to deter you from your duty--if they're too small they can be stretched and if too big they can have tucks taken here and there. Member your JMTI training--use all available material with a little manpower and resourcefulness. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE! That sign in the window of one of the larger emporiums--"Safe for Moths"; M. Barry with her flower basket, C. Miranda hat which knocked all Chi for a loop; Nell Bowers recovering from an operation in a Tennessee hospital; Dave Coffield and C. Hunter saying adieu to REA; Phil and Noni Dodge holding up the dinner line while they take time out for pitching woo and rubbing noses -- IT MUST BE SPRING: Helen Schuh out of the hospital and on the up and up; the Rover Boys in the mail room J. Aitken and Bill Plummer with their fiendish pranks which makes one think they'll grow up to be Franksteins; B. Koupal setting her watch back so she won't go to luncheon when everyone else is having breakfast; B. J. Morgan with her original stamp of approval on all letters--a burnt hole in the darn things; Ida May Kent minus her sinu after a jaunt to the hospital; I. Powell lunching every day with a G. & t. t. w.; T. Paradoski giving away packs and packs of the hard-to-get little numbers with Sylvia Sanders just ladling 'em out by the cartons; J. Stanek who believes in making hiking worth while and shows up with a couple of more G. & t. t. w's.; Mary Krug a bit down-hearted on losing H. Lutz to the Navy; also Reggie Cole on his way to one of those snug fittin' blues--can't you just see that profile; Olga Yuhas exterminating all the pesky little bugs which inhabit the B. B. B.--now don't let your imagination run riot, that's Boatmen's Bank, et R. Venable with the bright idea that a shop for foreign perfumes would be fine until someone suggested (it must have been V. Goergens) 'twould smell to the high heavens; Betty Soiva going for a hike on the wrong car; that attractive flyer who was looking for Colleen---

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## BOWLING (CONT'D)

Men		Women	
High Ave.	- Bullock 163	Reno	149
High Game	- Adams 245	Kick	213
High Set	- Farmer 584	Reno	505

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